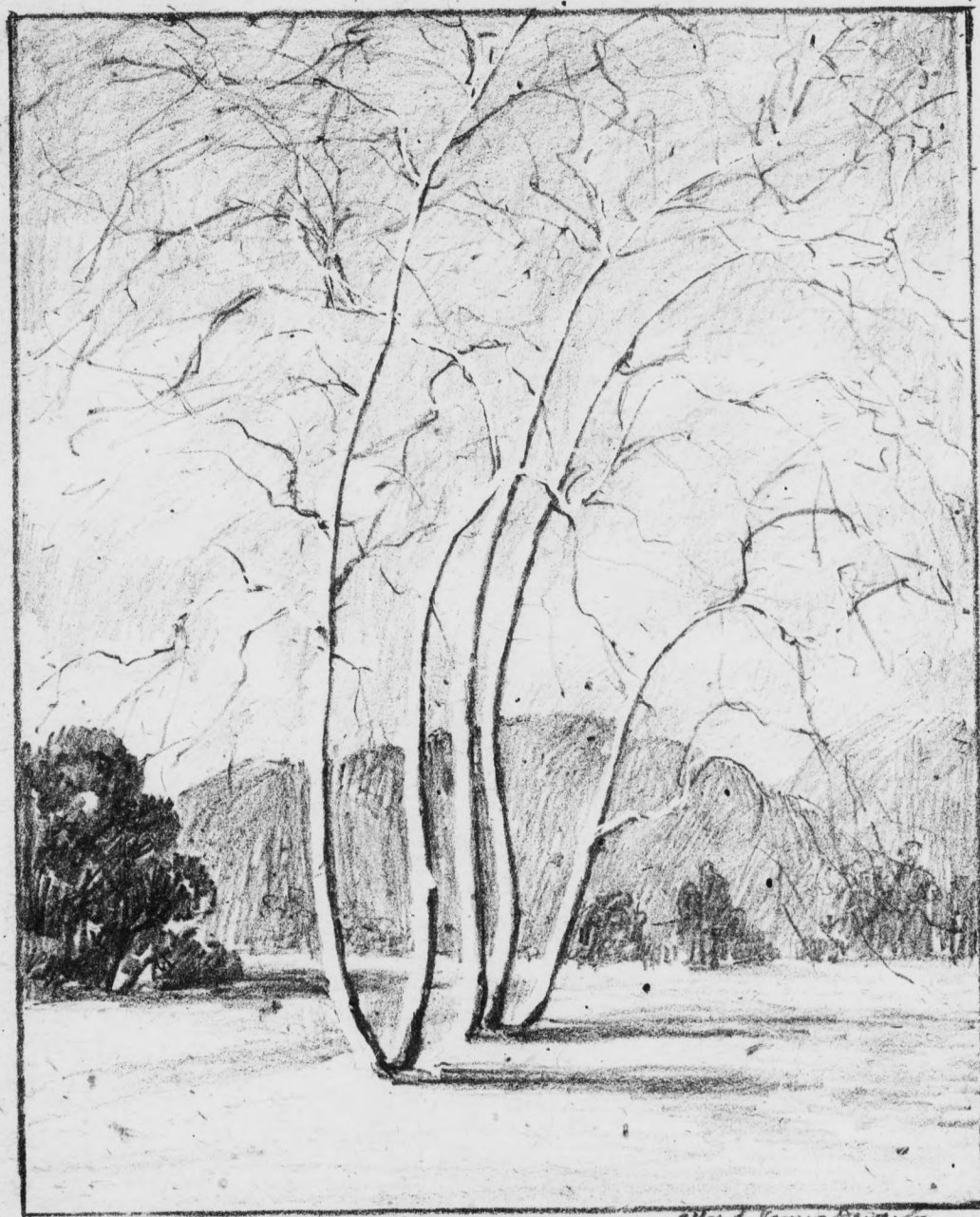


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HIGH LIGHTS

AUGUST 1940

Volume 1 Number 6

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra
Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra
Madre, California.

MASTER ARTIST

by Leslie B. Wynne

Before the night, behind the day at setting,
Green over grey, and gold on paling blue,
The master artist paints and no forgetting
Can mar his slightest stroke, his frailest hue.

Where did he learn his art, this perfect master?
Orange over gold, and crimson flooding all,
He stains the canvas deep, and ever faster
His flowing colors ever darker fall.

How deftly swift he works, how strongly certain,
Purple on red, and lilac on cerise!
For time is short, and soon night's sepia curtain
Falls on the painter and his paintings cease.

Across the margin with his last endeavor,
Silver in flecks on fading indigo,
And out across the blazing skies forever
His name is lettered in the starry glow.

Even in the writing of editorials conceit has its place; yes - even there ... Not that we for one mad moment would deem it our bounden duty to hold high the banner of conceit per se - oh, not at all ... But, to give the old adversary his due, we may as well confess our belief.

Those who have attained wisdom in the province of the less lofty functions and proclivities of man incline to the opinion that inferiority and superiority complexes mean about the same thing. And they are able to prove their points rather clearly. But what of it? The results to and for and within ourselves of harboring these opposed complexes are quite - and often disastrously - different.

As this: We are doubtful and timid concerning the ideas we hold; they are full of faults and weaknesses - any schoolboy reasoning could pick them to pieces. In any case they cannot be of any interest to anyone but us. So, we won't write on that subject.

Or, on the other hand: There's only one side to any question; that's the side we take. Our solution of any problem is the correct one. Or, admitting (for the sake of argument) that we may be wrong - our presentation is so original and daring as to make it a definite contribution to human thought. Anyway it will start people thinking -- and, whatever we say must be interesting.

To pontificate in praise of conceit might raise the question of utility as well as expediency. It may be argued that those who have it need no encouragement; those who lack it cannot profit by the wisest counsel.

But it does start the writer off with a handicap.

N.A.

* * * * *

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Constantly and inevitably, one by one, minutes and hours slip rapidly away; days hurry by; years run like echoing footsteps into the endless reaches of eternity, into the silence and darkness of the deepening past. What is time? The scientist defines it as a mathematical continuum: time is the fourth dimension. But what is time in more human terms? Our clocks and our calendars keep count of it, but they are merely geared to the seeming movements of the sun. Without these movements of the sun, how should time be measured? What time is it? Whenever we ask this question, and we ask it so often, a strange uneasiness comes upon us and our hearts are filled with a dark foreboding. We must hurry. We cannot live long enough to do half of all the things that we want to do. "Time is money," so we have been told. "Time is the stuff that life is made of." Yes; but it is also the stuff that eternity is made of, and within the compass of eternity all things are done. ... Time is a racing river that rises out of an unknown source and goes down to an unknown sea.

Time is forever too short for our needs; so, we rush headlong about from place to place, from occupation to occupation, from creditor to debtor, our movements geared to our clocks that are geared to the restless sun. At the present moment we are here very busy about something. An hour ago we were somewhere else and very

busy about other things. What was it that we were so busy about in that hour that is gone? We scarcely remember now. And what was it that we were doing only yesterday when we were so earnest, so utterly absorbed in our own importance, when impatiently we gave way to our nerves and called our brother a fool? We cannot recall. It all seems so hazy now in the light of today and hardly worth while. We run to do so many things; and when at last everything is done, when the last page is turned and the last syllable is spoken, ninety-nine percent of the things we have done were never worth the doing at all.

We are all indispensable here. The world cannot do without us. We have an appointment with someone in the next few minutes. We must be punctual. We must be forever on time. Then suddenly the whistle blows, the clocks strike in the towers of the Cathedrals of Industry and in the Marts of Mammon, and we drop the plow, the ledger, or the pen and rush out into the long open streets of eternity and never return. Who keeps our appointment when the sun stands in that quarter of the heavens that calls for our presence, and we are not there?

What time is it? It is time to live while we can, to take life as we find it, and to leave a little for posterity to do.

L.W.

* * * * *

REMEMBER: Regular meetings of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild are held on the first Friday of each month, 8 p.m.

INDELIBLE

by

Noureddin Addis

My heart -
And the sea sands,
Held imprint when you'd gone.
These two - but now the sands are blank
And mute ...

OUR ELDER BROTHER

by

Leslie B. Wynne

For centuries and for millennia the white man has stood upon his mountain in the sun and has looked upon the world to find it good. With the sunlight in his eyes, he has not often noticed his dark-skinned brothers. In the shade of the valleys and in the shadow of the hills, they stand so patiently and they wait so long. For centuries and for millennia there has scarcely been a cloud in all the white man's sky; but for some time past the heat lightnings have been playing about the horizon, and now a faint mutter of distant thunder begins to be heard. The white man stands upon his mountain, and the mountain is a pent-up volcano that has long been gathering its forces to blast open the solid earth from beneath his feet.

The elder brother that was set over the younger sons in their minority has squandered their patrimony and has made of them servants in the house, but now these sons are coming of age and are demanding their share of the inheritance. Shall not this guardian be haled into court and before the judge to render his account? In that day, the judge will surely say to him: "How has it come that these children who once regarded you with trust and with love, now look upon you everywhere with distrust and with hatred? Were you not placed above them to cherish and lead them and to bear a light before them in the night? But instead, because of your greed, you have cast them out into darkness, and have filled their paths with jagged stones. You have put your neck into a noose of your own making, and you will not pull scatheless out of it."

If pride goeth before a fall, as they say, then surely arrogance goeth before a downfall, and intolerance before disaster. Everywhere and always, when the white man came, the darker peoples of the earth would have met him with friendship and with welcome, but he would not have it so. Forever stiff-necked and haughty, he strode through their twilight portals, never forgetting to thank heaven that he was not like darker men and that his race and his color was most like unto that of God. Time after time in the April of his year he went forth to sow in the dusky kingdoms, but the seeds of his sowing were always the dragon's teeth. Now the autumn is come and the harvest is ready, but it is not a harvest of corn that awaits the sower and his sons. They will be lucky if they reap nothing worse

than cockle and tare.

The eleventh hour strikes and the last minute passes, and the sickle is borne to the field. Now the Japanese people are saying to us, "Stay on your own side of the street and keep out of our yard;" and our pride is hurt. But why must we quarrel with the Japanese people? They have never done us any harm - not yet - though often we have hurt their pride and more than their pride. And what have we to do, anyway, in the strange houses of far Cathay and in the marts of Samarcand? For forty years the Philippines have been shouting for their independence. Let us give the islands to the Filipinos and put the Pacific ocean back where it belongs between us and the setting sun. It is time now to return the soft answer and to move quickly before those yellow walls come toppling upon our heads. And when at last the yield is garnered, when at last the volcano lets loose its wrath against the sky, may we be far away from there with all of our children safe at home beside us, far from those hills of disquiet and from those valleys of unrest.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

(Matthew, VII: 12)

Tzu Kung asked, saying: Is there any one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? - The Master replied: Surely the maxim of charity is such: - Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you.

If a man is proud and avaricious, though his other qualities may embrace all that was fine in the character of Chou Kung, they are not worth taking into account.

(From the Analects of Confucius)

CREATION

by

Anna Fink

We can find always, if we look, two separate and distinct urges back of human creativeness: one may be called, creation at the behest of the ego - the other, creation at the behest of the spirit. Of the former I shall have little to say; not that it is in itself to be condemned, but rather that it is a lesser and often not quite sincere imitation of the latter.

This way of creation is of the personality. It craves admiration, and delights in such responses as, 'Who did it?', 'How wonderful!', etc. And is more than happy to be able to say: 'I did it', 'It is my work,' - modestly demanding a by-line.

The way of the spirit is otherwise. As in the olden times - back in the Middle Ages - when human beings wrought with the fire of creation in their own souls, and the love and devotion they held toward that divine essence - God ...

Out of their desire to serve the Father in the most sincere and beautiful expression possible, these people have built cathedrals which have enchanted millions, and which still call forth the wonder and admiration of all who see them. What hearts have known upliftment, what souls have been inspired with divine beauty at sight of them!

We do not know who designed these ancient structures - who carved the stones so masterfully that they seem to hang there weightless like fine lace work. We do not know who painted the pictures on the walls - who filled the niches with sculptured saints and madonnas, which have a sweetness and a loveliness not of this world. No name has been handed down. These objects are merely the work of groups of human beings, wrought out of their burning desire to create in the honor of God and for His Glory.

Only a few years ago in Europe was drawn together a group of artists - students and teachers - whose purpose was, like that of those earlier ones, simply to create in the 'Honor of God.' It was my privilege to belong to them for a while as a student. And I wish to

(continued on page 13)

HENRY SHIPPEY'S CROIX DE GUERRE

Some time ago, in one of his letters home, Henry Shippey casually mentioned that he had been under some fire while performing his ambulance duties, and that, as a result, he had been slated to receive the coveted Croix de Guerre. He made light of the matter, and even expressed some surprise as to why he should have been so honored. Quite obviously, his modesty would not allow him to tell the full story.

Here is an excerpt from a letter received by the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps, in Los Angeles, from Sedley Peck, their director of the field force in France, that gives the picture:

"Young Shippey turned out to be the finest driver in Section III. He was under particularly heavy bombing and machine gun fire from planes in Meaux - laughed at it while others hid in cellars - and brought his load of wounded out of a perfectly hellish spot. Please call his father to tell him the boy was a credit to us all."

In a more recent letter, dated July 6, Henry suggests that if anyone back home would care to do something nice for some of the boys overseas with the Ambulance Unit, a gift of cigarettes would be especially welcome. He says: "By the way, if anybody wants to send American cigarettes to any of the fellows, I'll give you all their names and how to address the package so it will go duty free - There's Jack Ryder, Beverly Bristol, Donald King, Arthur Tucker, John Creveling, Bill Hutchinson, Bill Druclorff, Ed Maison, Warren Tonken, and Bob Raymond. Here's the way to address them - Sections Sanitaires des Volontaires Americains, 5003/19, S.P.360, France. ATTENTION HANK SHIPPEY."

"The Thai-Shang says, 'There are no special doors for calamity and happiness; they come as men themselves call them. Their recompenses follow good and evil as the shadow follows the substance.'"

(From Tractate of Actions and Their Retributions,
The Texts of Taoism, Vol.II, p.245.)

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

by

Harry Arnold

At the last meeting of the Camera Club, it was decided to suspend meetings until the fourth Tuesday of August (August 27). This was necessary because so many of the members are on vacation.

At the July 9th meeting, many excellent kodachromes were shown, the work of Dick Stanton. These were taken during his vacation trip through the Grand Canyon, Brice, Zion, New Mexico, Boulder Dam, and other places. At this time, it was announced that both Russell Arnold and Harry Arnold won special awards for pictures entered in June in the Photography Dealers Contest in Los Angeles. These awards came to them, both feel, as the direct result of the constructive criticisms given by Mr. Dewey and the members of the Club leading to improvements of prints.

Members of the Club are now working towards a salon of their best pictures. It is hoped that the best of their kodachromes may be shown the public at some future date.

GUILD PROGRAM FOR AUGUST 2ND

Mrs. Buron Fitts will talk to the members of the Guild on Friday evening, August 2nd, on the subject of "The Fifth Column." District Attorney Buron Fitts may also be present and may talk. A short musical program has been arranged by Miss Lalla Fagge. Miss Leona High, soprano, a pupil of Mrs. A.D. Cain, accompanied by Miss Norma Louise Lentz, will sing three songs: "In my Garden" - Ida Bell Firestone; "Until" - Wilfred Sanderson; and "Carmina" - H. Lane Wilson. This program should be one of the utmost interest to everyone, and a large attendance is expected.

At the July meeting of the Guild, Miss Mabel Stockwell Kay, registered nurse at P.J.C. and the Edison and Altadena elementary schools, addressed the members on the subject of "The Underprivileged Child." At this meeting and at the previous one, deep interest was shown in the subjects by a general discussion by the audience following the talks.

THE CHAPARRAL POETS

Recently a club of poets and poetry lovers of Southern California was formed in Glendale, to be known as the California Federation of Chaparral Poets. A letter from Mr. Bert Morehouse, a member of the Pasadena chapter of this organization, supplies the following information:

The California Federation of Chaparral Poets had its beginning with a highly successful conference held in Glendale early in June of this year. Many outstanding poets of Southern California were among the more than 250 poets and poetry lovers in attendance. Among the sponsors of the conference were: Hermann Hagedorn, noted poet and biographer; Beulah May, poetry curator of the Huntington Library; and Margarette Ball Dickson, poet laureate of Minnesota. The officers of the Federation are: Marcus Z. Lytle, President, Glendale; James R. Allen, Vice-President, Pasadena; and Kathryn A. Coeur, Secretary-Treasurer, Glendale.

The Pasadena Chapter of the Chaparral Poets was organized June 21, at the home of James R. Allen, with a fine representative group of enthusiastic supporters. The indications are that the Club will have a large membership in the near future. Membership is open to all poets and poetry lovers in Pasadena and vicinity. Officers of the Pasadena Chapter are: James R. Allen, President; Mrs. Frank Secrest, Vice-President; and Mrs. Dorothy M. Woodward, Secretary-Treasurer.

Antelope Valley and Hollywood organized chapters of the Chaparral Poets on the 27th of July.

For the present at least, Sierra Madre is to be included in the Pasadena area. Anyone interested in joining this chapter, should communicate with its Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Dorothy M. Woodward. The dues are one dollar a year.

Increase ye in increasing, and multiply in multitude, ye creatures and creations all; and man that hath Mind in him, let him learn to know that he himself is deathless, and that the cause of death is love, though Love is all.

(Thrice-Greatest Hermes, Corpus Hermeticum I)

FORM MUSIC SECTION

by Laura Cadmus Edwards

At the July meeting of the Board of Governors of the Guild, all the incumbent officers were re-elected to their same offices for the coming year. In addition, Mr. Alfred J. Dewey was elected new Chairman of the Drama Section, while Miss Lalla Fagge was made our new Chairman of Music.

Miss Fagge, a concert violinist of international reputation as well as a successful teacher of violin, is a pupil of Cesar Thomson of the Conservatoire of Music at Brussels. She has studied conducting at Guild Hall School of Music in London, toured England in concert, and has appeared on many concert platforms of Europe.

Many interesting programs are planned for the coming year by the Music Section. As Miss Fagge has had much experience in ensemble work, her plans include an ensemble group for strings and voice, together with community singing. Cooperation of interested members is asked towards forming a live and enthusiastic music section unrivalled by that of any other organization.

AMBULANCE FUND DRIVE

The big barbecue party held on Saturday afternoon and evening, July 20th, at the Duarte rancho home of District Attorney and Mrs. Buron Fitts for the benefit of the San Gabriel Valley Ambulance Fund Drive, was attended by about 600 guests, and was successful to the point of assuring funds for the purchase of two ambulances to be sent abroad for war service in England. Mrs. Lee Shippey announces a gross income from the party of \$1090.00 to the night of the party, with more money yet to come in from the sale of the tickets. Four hundred dollars, alone, were raised on the raffle of the two paintings contributed toward the fund. Mr. Dewey's painting was won by Mr. R.O. Caukins, Sierra Madre's genial postmaster; while that of Miss Geraldine Birch was won by Miss Toupe, one of Sierra Madre's public school teachers. Sierra Madre brings them home. And more money, it is said, was raised by Sierra Madre towards this ambulance fund than by any other town participating.

HUMANLY SPEAKING

By

Anne Walters

We were talking about governments and organization. "What," asked the young man, "do you consider the most highly organized society in the world?"

The older man, a famous anthropologist, did not hesitate at all. "Why, the Argentine ants," he said. "Infinitely organized; infinitely effective - infinitely insane."

And suddenly I had a picture of a disturbed ant hill. Each ant springing to his appointed task. No panic, no fumbling, no delay. No energy wasted in impotent fury at the invader. The patient industry of years may be tumbling to ruins in the citadel itself; thousands of the citizens may be dying horrible deaths; the outcome of the battle may be all in doubt. But the first thing - and the ants all know it - is to save the young. And immediately long efficient lines of the strongest and fleetest of the adult ants start carrying the eggs to a place of safety ... Infinitely organized.

When the danger is past, the old ant hill will be re-built or a new one constructed. And it will be JUST LIKE THE OLD. For ants are infinitely organized for the duplication and the re-duplication of their own society. They are infinitely effective in the perpetuation of other ants exactly like themselves.

And because ants have no hope, because they act from a blind impulse toward race preservation, because they build for no happier future where their evacuees from the destroyed home may learn to live in intelligent cooperation with others; because they have no dream of conscious growth toward individual freedom and spiritual development; because they are organized only for the sake of the organization, the entire process is - infinitely insane.

But humanly speaking: The old ant hills of Europe have been disturbed. And insistently, out of the welter of carnage and destruction and displacement comes the question of the children. They wander helplessly over yesterday's battlefields. They cower among the ruins of yesterday's homes. Their young minds grow callous to the shock of the obscene noise of bombs. And no corps of adults is trained and ready to save them.

But we are busy here. We are getting ready for war. Bombing planes and submarines and a two-ocean navy and trained men infinitely organized to save our organization ... Keep out! This ant hill is ours. Don't stir us up with your weapons. Don't trade your goods for ours. Don't bring us any of your ideas. We are regimenting our money, our men, our minds. We shall be infinitely effective!

But insistently rises the cry of the children. And slowly we stir, for we are human. We cut through the red tape of immigration restrictions. Our arms outstretched, we stride across the narrow confines of racial fear and economic cowardice. We open our doors and the children come pouring in. The young! The hopeful! The only thing that can be saved or that is worth saving out of the old ant hills of Europe. Not infinitely effective as citizens, these children, but infinite in possibility. For a new pattern of life is here. America is more than just another ant hill! Here we might still build a society, infinitely cooperative; infinitely hopeful - infinitely wise.

CREATION by Anna Fink (cont'd from p. 7)

tell you something about this little group that started out then on this high plane.

Our first aim was to express the best in us. We felt that we were merely channels, instruments. Some of us did sculpture, wood-carving, stone-cutting; some did weaving, printing, metal-work; some painted ... We even raised most of our own food, we had our own kitchen. Our studies included philosophies of Occident and Orient. We were taught that creation was a matter of dedication, of privilege, among us, rather than of pride. Our public exhibitions never revealed the name of the individual artist. There was no envy, no jealousy, no conceit ... nobody felt, 'I did it!'

ARTS GUILD ENTERS THIRD YEAR by Elmer M. Weese

Charter members of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild joined July 1st, 1938, and the second fiscal year has ended this June 30th.

It is now time for all of us to renew our memberships for the third year. There are certain expenses of the organization, principally the rental of the Guild building, which are met with membership funds.

One hundred twenty-five members paid in good standing the past year, which furnished the year's rental, provided entertainment and refreshments for meetings throughout the year, and acquired a mimeograph for publication of our magazine, HIGH LIGHTS.

Among other activities, the Guild furnished the art materials and free classes for ten local children of talent at Mr. Dewey's studio for a period of four months; furnished the design for the Sierra Madre float for the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, and the workers to decorate it; sponsored the Tin Barn plays; and did its full share towards the raising of funds for the recent Ambulance Fund Drive. The Guild plans to do as much or more in the coming year.

There are three membership classifications: the sustaining, ten dollars; supporting, three dollars; and regular, one dollar. Please send your check to Elmer M. Weese, 358 N. Canon Drive, Sierra Madre; to Leslie B. Wynne, membership chairman; or hand it to Mr. or Mrs. Dewey at the studio.

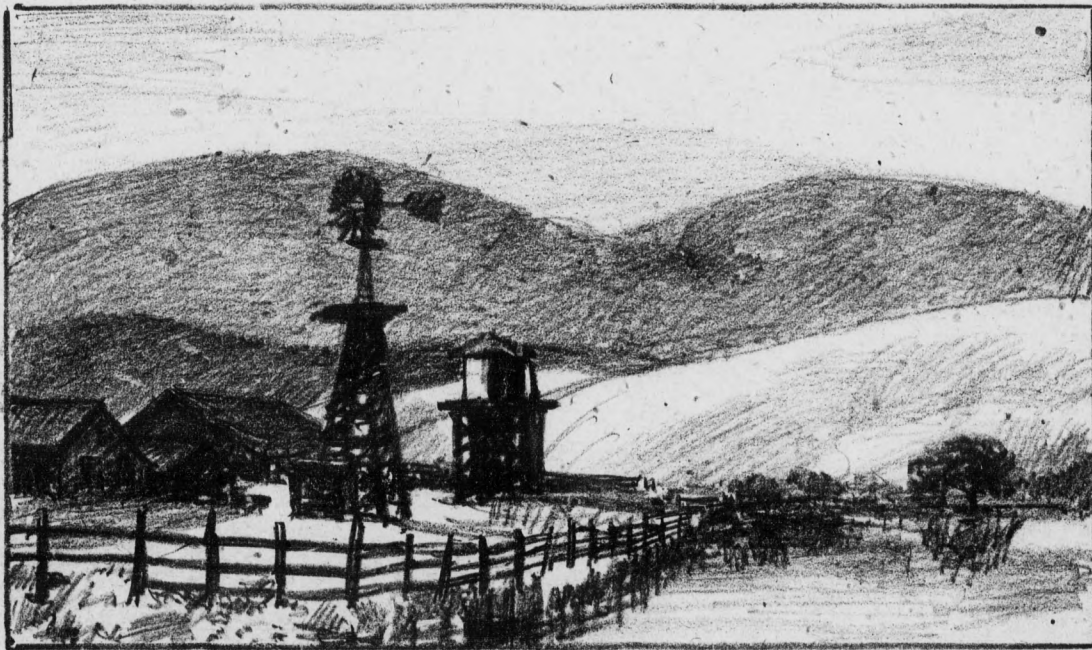
Your new membership card mailed you will have the year number 40, which means that it is good until July 1941. Those who have entered the Guild during the year since January 1st, need not renew their membership until their full year has been completed unless they so desire.



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